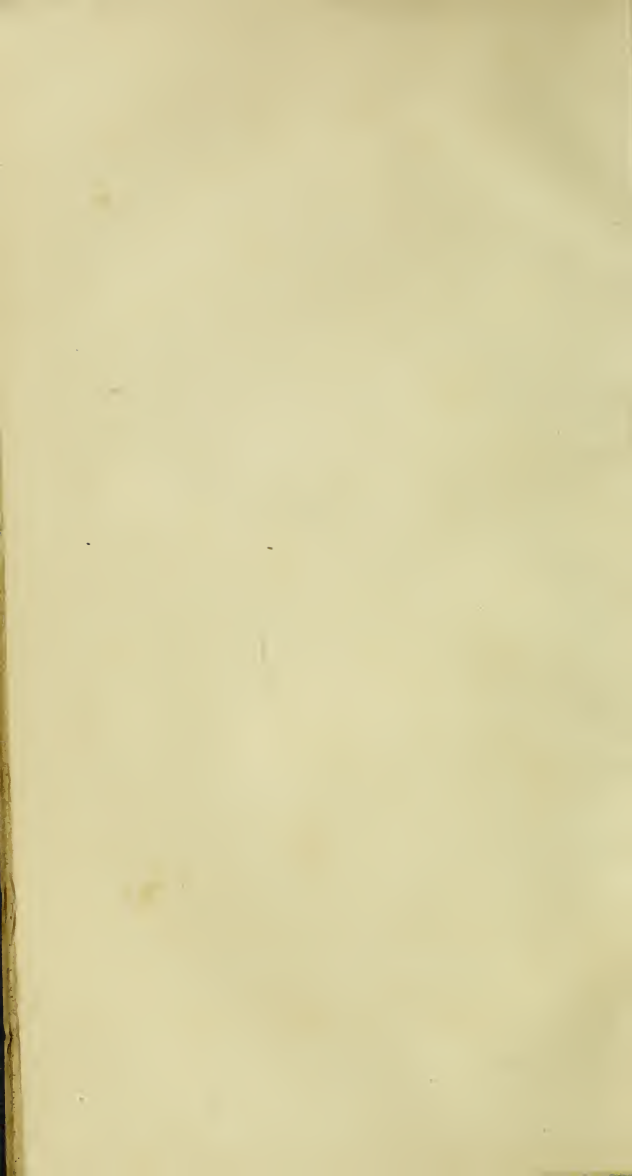


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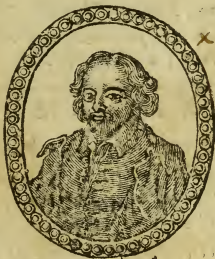
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26
TIMON of ATHENS, +

A
TRAGEDY.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



x In Jacoby 1^{mi}

L O N D O N : 1734

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers
of London and Westminster.

MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

T I M O N, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius, } *two flattering Lords.*
Lucullus, }

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,

Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*

Servilius, }

Billings
Mar. 4. 1797
B

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

several Servants to Usurers.

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,

Timandra, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers servants and attendants.

S C E N E, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

WHEREAS R. Walker, with his Accomplices, have printed and publish'd several of *Shakespear's* Plays; and to screen their Innumerable Errors, advertise, That they are Printed as they are Acted, and Industriously report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres. I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of Myself, That no Person ever had, directly or indirectly from me, any such Copy or Copies; neither would I be accessary on any Account in disposing on the Publick such Useless, Pirated, and Maim'd Editions; as are publish'd by the said R. Walker.

W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant. and Mercer, at several doors.

POET.

O O D day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long ; how goes the world ?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity ? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches ? see,
(Magick of Bounty !) all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodnes.
He passes-----

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't :

For the lord *Timon*, Sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : but for that----

4 TIMON of ATHENS.

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form, [*Looking on the jewel.*

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some Work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slip't idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not, till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self, ---- and like the current flies
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, Sir---- when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indiff'rent.

Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a Touch----is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pein. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of Athens! happy man!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visiters.
I have, in this rough Work shap'd out a Man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With

With amplest entertainment My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves it self
In a wide sea of wax ; no levell'd malice
Infects one Comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality, tender down
Their service to Lord *Timon*: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope.

This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,
With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :

6 TIMON of ATHENS.

All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendresse;
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;
Make sacred even his stirrop: and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Timon*, addressing himself courte-
tously to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.]

Mes. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventidius*! well----

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your Honour!

[Exit.
Enter

TIMON of ATHENS.

7

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here or no ? *Lucilius* ! -----

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [ture

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well : what further ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love : I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort :
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon*.
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What's levity in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

A. 4

Tim

8 TIMON of ATHENS.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Threetalents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his,

Tim. My hand to thee, my honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : never may
That state, or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you. [*Exeunt Luc. and old Athenian.*]

Pact. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away. What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome :
The Painting is almost the natural man :
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside : pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work ;
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman ; Give me your hand,
We must needs dine together : Sir, your Jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are

Are by their masters priz'd ; Believ't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, it is the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid ?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus* !

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow ;
When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st

Apem. Are they not *Athenians* ? [them not ?]

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whither art going ?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the Painter ;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation : what's she,
if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

A. 5.

Apemantus.

10 TIMON of ATHENS.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking--- How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord,---
Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse
All of companionship.

Tim

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;
You must needs dine with me : go not you hence,
Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir ! *[Bowing and embracing.]*

Apem. So, so ! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints ! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie ! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time
In diff'rent pleasures. Pray you, let us in. *[Exeunt.]*

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast.

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus* ?

Apem. Thou shouldest have kept one to thy self,
for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy self.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make
thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or -----I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' ass.

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste lord *Timon's* bounty ?
He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,

Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it self; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding
All use of quittance.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes? Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, another Apartment in Timon's House.

*Hautboys playing, loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in;
and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius,
and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then
comes dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our Betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [They sit down.]

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim.

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle ; ye have got a humour there. Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :

They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yonder man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself :

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon* ; I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome ; I my self would have no Power--- pry'thee let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me : for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods ! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not ? It grieves me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men !
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't. the fellow that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.

Were I a Great man, I should fear, to drink,
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way !---- a brave fellow ! he keeps his
tides well ; those healths will make thee and thy state
look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a
finer, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire ;

This

14 TIMON of ATHENS.

This and my food are equal, there's no odds ;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but my self ;
Grant, I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath, or bond ;
Or a harlot for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen ; so fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus* !

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies,
than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no
meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all these flatterers were thine enemies
then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em !

Luc. Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that
you would once use our hearts, whereby we might ex-
press some part of our zeals, we should think our
selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods
themselves have provided that I shall have as much help
from you : how had you been my friends else ? why
have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you
chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to
my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own
behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh, you Gods,
(think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should
never have need of 'em : they would most resemble sweet
Instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to
themselves.

themselves. Why I have often wish'd my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes? O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moy'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter servant.

Ser. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with a Masque of ladies, as Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best Senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom: [rise, Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table These only now come but to feast thine eyes. [tance.

Tim. They're welcome all; let them have kind admit- Let musick make their welcome.

Luc. You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this They dance, they are mad women. [way! Like madness is the glory of this life;

16 T I M O N o f A T H E N S .

As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.

We make our selves fools, to disport our selves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy-----

Who lives, that's not depraved. or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one Spurn to their graves

Of their friends gift ?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me : 'T has been done ;

Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon ; each
singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women ;
a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair
ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment;

Which was not half so beautiful and kind:

You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device.

I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not
hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Please you to dispose your selves.

All La. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavins ?

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet ? there is no
crossing him in's humour,

Else I could tell him---well---i'faith I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could :

'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind ;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Luc. Where be our men ?

Ser. Here, my lord, in readines.

Lucul. Our horses.

Tim. O my good friends !

I have one word to say to you ; look, my lord,
I must intreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my lord !

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts,-----]

All. So are we all. [*Ex. Lucius and Lucullus,*

Enter a servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ! why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the Presents Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third servant.

How now ? what news ?

3 *Ser.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, intreats your company to morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to ? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer : Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being

18 TIMON of ATHENS.

Being of no power to make his wishes good ;
 His promises fly so beyond his state, [word :
 That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry.
 He is so kind, that he pays interest for't :
 His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
 Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
 Than Such that do e'en enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too
 much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of
 our love..

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will re-
 ceive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good
 words the other day of a bay Courser I rode on.
 'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
 in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord : I know no
 man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh
 my friend's affection with my own ; I'll tell you true.
 I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;
 Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades,*
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee ; thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I defy land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound-----

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd-----

Tim.

TIMON of ATHENS. 19

Tim. All to you. Lights ! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord *Timon*-----

Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exeunt lords.

Apem. What a coil's here,

Serving of becks and jutting out of bums ?

I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums.

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs ;

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'lies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,
Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in pa-
per shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and
vain-glories ?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come
with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So----- thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt
not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee :

Oh, that mens ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

[Exit.

A C T II.

S C E N E. A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

S E N A T O R.

AND late, five thousand : to *Varro*, and to *Isidore*.
He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum ;
Which makes it five and twenty---Still in motion

Of.

20 TIMON of ATHENS.

Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
 If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
 Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
 Ten able horse. No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your Cloke, and haste you to lord *Timon*;
 Importune him for monies, be not ceast
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with
 'Commend me to your master---- and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:---- but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliance on his fracted dates
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand: for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* wilt be left a naked Gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix--- get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?--- take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in Compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

TIMON of ATHENS. 21

SCENE changes to Timon's hall.

Enter Flavius with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop? so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and resumes no care
Of what is to continue: never Mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done?----- he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fy, fy, fy, fy.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for mo-

Var. Is't not your business too? [neighs]

Cap. It is; and yours too, *Isidore*:

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd,

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.

My Alcibiades.----- Well, what's your will?

[*They present their bills.*]

Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days, this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honest friend.

I prythee but repair to me next morning.

Cap.

22 TIMON of ATHENS.

Cap. Nay, good my lord.

Tim. Contain thy self, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord----

Isid. From Isidore, he prays your speedy payment-----

Cap. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants---

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, and

Isid. Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I [past--
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :-----

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on, [Ex. lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.---- Come hither :

How goes the world, that I am thus encountred

With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business :

Your importunity cease, till after dinner ;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends ; see them well entertain'd.

[Exit Tim.

Fla. Pray, draw near.

[Exit Fla.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Cap. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*.
Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog.

Var. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

Isid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him

Cap. Where's the fool now ?

[yet.

Apem.

TIMON of ATHENS. 23

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers men! bauds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at *Corinth*.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

Page. Why how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pry'thee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a Baud.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If *Timon* stay at home-----

You three serve three usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Apem. So would I----- as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers men?

All. Ay, fool,

Fool

24 TIMON of ATHENS.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aside, aside, here comes lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Fla. Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me?

That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Fla. You would not hear me:
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:

And

And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Fla. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty,
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, Some forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a world;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Fla. If you suspect my husbandry or falshood;
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

E

Fla.

26 TIMON of ATHENS.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's*?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord *Timon's*?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showres,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further,
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Fla. Assurance blefs your thoughts!

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius*!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.
You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with
his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend me to
their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have
found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony; let the
request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum——

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [To *Flavius*.]
Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant

A thousand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry.—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*——pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it self, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucullus's House in Athens.

*Flaminius waiting. Enter a servant to him.**Ser.* I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.*Flam.* I thank you, Sir.*Enter Lucullus.**Ser.* Here's my lord.*Lucul.* One of lord *Timon's* men; a gift, I warrant—
Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master?*Flam.* His health is well, Sir.*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.*Enter a servant, with wine.**Ser.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.*Lucul.* *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.*Flam.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, firrah. [*To the servant, who goes out*] — Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly damned baseness,
To him that worship's thee. [*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O! may diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, a publick Street.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord,
B 3 and

30 TIMON of ATHENS.

and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon's* happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money,

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindneses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his Honour. — My honour'd lord —

[To Lucius.]

Luc. *Servilius!* you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do ——— (the more beast, I say) ——— I was sending to use lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I shall.

[Exit *Servilius*.]

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius* ———

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed;

And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hofilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul;
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit;
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:
Supported his estate; nay *Timon's* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
He does deny him (in respect of his)
What charitable men afford to beggars.

B. 4

3 *Stran.*

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For my own part,
I never tasted *Timon* in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal;
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?

Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he send to me? th'ee! hum —
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians,
Thriv'd, give him over? must I take the cure
On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first:
For in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it last? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint Reply this Answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards,
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one business does command us all.

For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir Philotas's too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet,

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider that a Prodigal's Course

Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:

'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet

Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange even:
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,

Timon in this should pay more than he owes!

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich Jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th'sum;
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminius!* Sir, a word: pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too
diligent.

Enter-

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud, call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir ———

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Fla. If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws;
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly: ———

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Fla. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what. ——— he's poor, and that's re-
venge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has
no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great
Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some an-
swer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some
other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of
my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health, *health*
Methinks he should ~~be~~ sooner pay his debts, *the*

And

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And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius*, help — my lord! my lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em — cleave me to
the girdle.

Luc. Alas my lord,

Tim. Cut out my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours — and yours?

Var. My lord —

Cap. My lord —

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you.

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their
caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd despe-
rate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves
Creditors! — devils.

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. What if it should be so? —

Fla.

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. I'll have it so ——— My steward!

Fla. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my friends again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All. ———

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Fla. O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There's not so much left as to furnish out

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care:

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide

Of knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now Captain.

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your Virtues:

For Pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,

But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He

He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-sides, wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord, ———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear,
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,
And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;
If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,
But, in defence, ——— by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his Service done

At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service;

And slain in battle many of your enemies;

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin

That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.

Were there no foes, that were enough alone

To overcome him. In that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,

His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,

(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,

And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,

Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.

And for I know, your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories,

My Honours to you, on his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why let the war receive't in valiant gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure. friend, or brother,

He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be:

My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

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3 *Sen.* What! —

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!
Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, (not to swell our spirit,)
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt,

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,
Rich only in large hurts. — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into Captains' wounds? ha! Banishment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit,

SCENE changes to Timon's House.

Enters divers Senators, at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you: I think this honourable
lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon That were my thoughts tiring, when we
encountred.

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encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the perswasion of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir—here he comes.

Enter Timon and attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both—and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 *Sen.* Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame,
that

that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so —

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make your selves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are. — The rest of your fees, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make

make suitable for destruction. For these my friends—— as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke, and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks,
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—— What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first—— thou too—— and thou
[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*]
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury!

3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour
sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and
now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my
jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.*

- 1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.
 2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.
 3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.
 4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth,
 And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads: To general filths
 Convert o'th' instant, green Virginity!
 Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries!
 And yet Confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,

That

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,
Sow all th' *Athenian* bosoms, and their Crop
Be general Leprosie: breath infect breath,
That their society (as their friendship) may
Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall,
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to Timon's House.*

Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 *Ser.* Hear you, good master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a House broke!
So noble a master fain! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

2 *Ser.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone — More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Fla. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,
Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,
(As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them money; they embrace, and part several ways.*]

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow, and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, the WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the Pasture lards the Weather's sides,
 The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, this man's a flatterer? if one be,
 So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His Semblable, yea himself, *Timon* disdains——
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots! ,

[*Digging the earth.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate
 With thy most operant poison!— What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 You Gods! why this? what this? you Gods! why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave

Will

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Will knit and break Religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knec, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum?
 — thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (strong thief)
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*
Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak. */ heart*

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
 For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thy self a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee;
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;——
 Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;
 Then what should War be? this fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alc.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no Suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee.
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves:
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
To th' Tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pry thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy Conquest,
And, after Thee, when thou hast conquered!

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an Ufurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps, milk-
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thy self! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon
thee!

Both. Give us some gold, good *Timon*: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your

Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
 Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
 I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close fire predominate his smoak,
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months
 Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch
 Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)
 Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still.
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——what then?
 Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar mens spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false Title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee [bald,
 Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make cur'd-pate ruffians
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
 That your activity may defeat, and quell
 The source of all erection.——There's more gold.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon*.

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first; I've given you
 earnest. [mon]

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rd *Athens*; farewell, *Ti*—
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

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Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, Thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away.
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phryn. and Timand.*]

Tim. That Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Enfear thy fertile and conception womb;
Let it no more bring out ingratelful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented — O, a root — dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn seas,
Whereof ingratelful man with liqu'rish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips. —

Enter Apemantus,

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This

This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Weeds,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like rapsters, that bid welcome
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just
 That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

Apem. Thou'lt cast away thy self, being like thy self,
 So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou,
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees, ^{Trees}
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
 Oh! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
 Dost please thy self in't?

Apem. Ay.

C 3

Tim.

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Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,
Wert thou not Beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives in certain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat,
The other, at high wish: Best states contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being:
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such, as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou

Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——

That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thy self.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botcht;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thicher in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,

Tell them there, I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm,

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sawce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst

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have loved thy self better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My self.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it be in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem.

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

Apem. Thou art the Cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee, ----- I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph;

That death in me at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler *Defiler*

Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,

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Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,
That souldrest close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue;
To every purpose! Oh thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.-----

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men----- Eat, *Timon*, and abhor
them. [Exit *Apem*.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the
meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove
him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care
not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve
it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description,

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim,

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meet.
Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots,
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts; the briers scarlet hips:
The bounteous hufwife nature on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess; that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,
Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery,
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The Mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composition stoln
From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what
I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen.* [Exit.]

3 *Thief.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,
by perswading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.*

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2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in *Athens*; [trade.]

2 *Thief*. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE, *the woods, and Timon's Cave.*

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O H, you Gods!
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What change of honour desp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wist to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost thou ask That? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grantest that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Fla. An honest servant,-----

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Fla. The Gods are witnesses,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. [thee,

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I love
Because

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
 Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
 But, or through lust, or laughter, Pity's sleepings;
 Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord;
 T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
 To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
 So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. ———
 Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
 Was born of woman.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
 Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man: mistake me not, but one:
 No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thy self: but all, save thee,
 I sell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service;
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Fla. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
 Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
 Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, heav'n knows, is meely love,
 Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
 For any benefit that points to me
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

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To requite me by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,
Here, take; the Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure, Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Fla. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master!

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where
he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour
hold for true, that's he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain, *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra*
had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor stragling
soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward
a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal for
his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens*
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not
amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress
of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to
load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just
and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I
will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent
that's coming toward him.

Pain.

Pain. Good as the best: Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True.

Poet. While the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn ———
What a God's gold, that he is worshipped
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the Wave;
Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave;
To thee be Worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fal'n off,

Whole

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Whose thankless natures, oh abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough —
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He; and my self,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men; you've heard, that I have gold;
I'm sure, you have; speak truth, y' are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens; thou'rt indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, Sir, as I say ——— And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou are even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord,

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both.

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,
Know his gross Patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; — but two in com-
Each man apart, all single and alone, [*pany:*
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near *him*. ————— If *thou* wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.

Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves;

You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!

You are an Alchymist, make gold of that:

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Beating and driving 'em out.*

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Fla. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*:
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
To speak with *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike

Men

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Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him;
And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his Cave;
Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon!* *Timon!*
Look out, and speak to friends: th' *Athenians*
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn! —
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a blister, and each false
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1 Sen. Worthy *Timon*, —

Tim. — Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon!*

2 Sen. The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them. And would send them back the plague;
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee;
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the publick body, (which doth seldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it self
A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal
Of its own Fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;
And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;

And

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.
1 Sen. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The Captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.

1 Sen. Therefore, *Timon* —

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus —
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* speaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country. and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common Bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro'
them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I sell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself ——— I pray you, do my Greeting.

Fla. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

lips, Line let four words go by, and language end:

puv

What

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
 Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!
 Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
 As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
 Besides, his expedition promises
 Present Approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
 Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
 Yet our old love made a particular force,
 And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,
 With letters of intreaty, which imported
 His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City,
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect —
 The enemies Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
 Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.]

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking *Timon*.

Sol. By all Description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho. ————— No answer? —

What is this? —

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span;

Some

70 TIMON of ATHENS.

Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
Whose Fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.]

SCENE, before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpet sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible Approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.]

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such
As slept within the shadow of your Power,
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of it self, *no more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
And purfy Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear;
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should fall

For

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth:
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion: all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend and open your uncharged ports;
Those enemies of *Timon's* and mine own,
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,

72 · T I M O N of A T H E N S.

Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds;
But shall be remedied by publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea;
And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

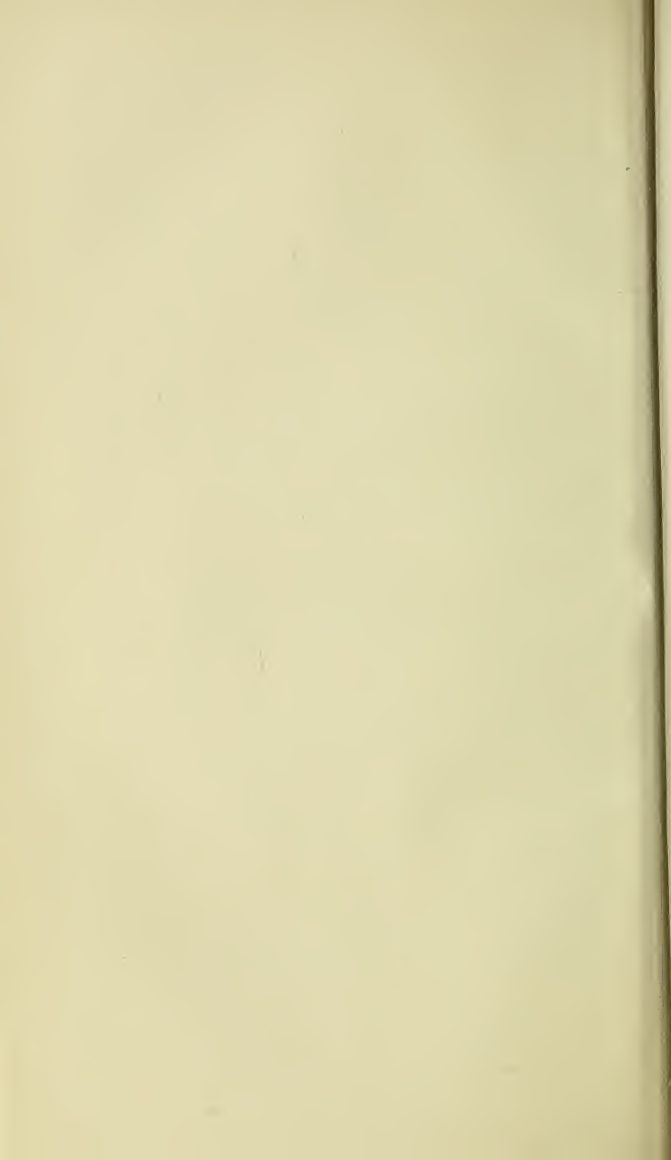
*Here lyes a wretched coarse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you caitiffs left!
Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gait.*

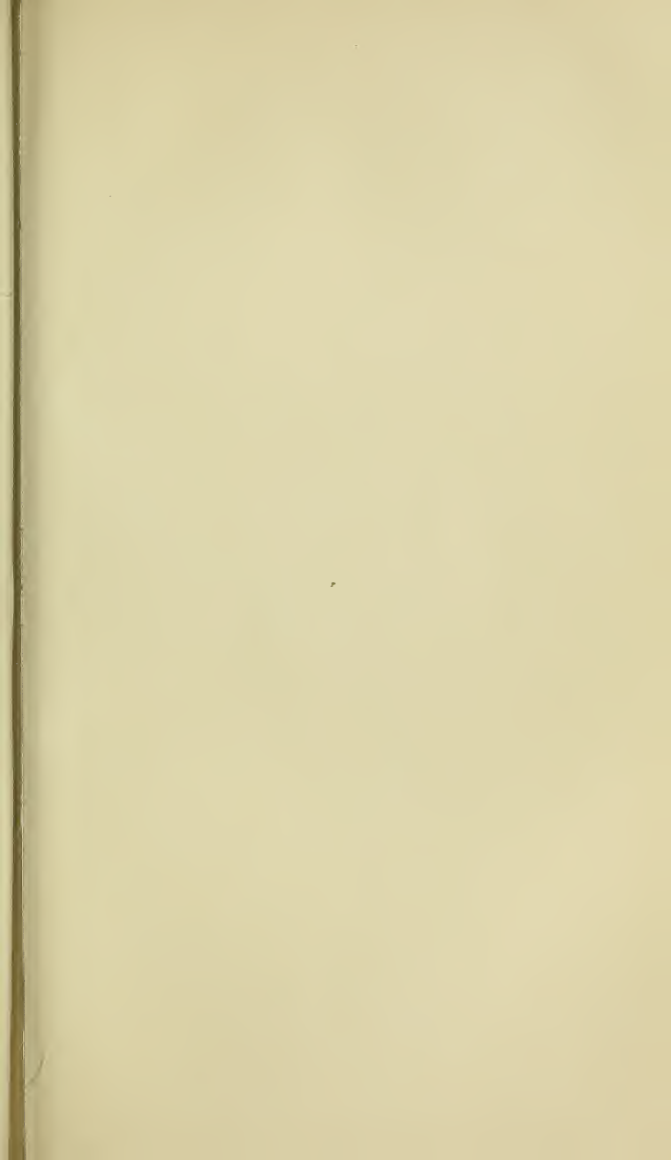
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Tho' thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave. — On: faults forgiven. — Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whose memory
Hereafter more ———— Bring me into your City, City
And I will use the Olive with my sword;
Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our drums strike. ————

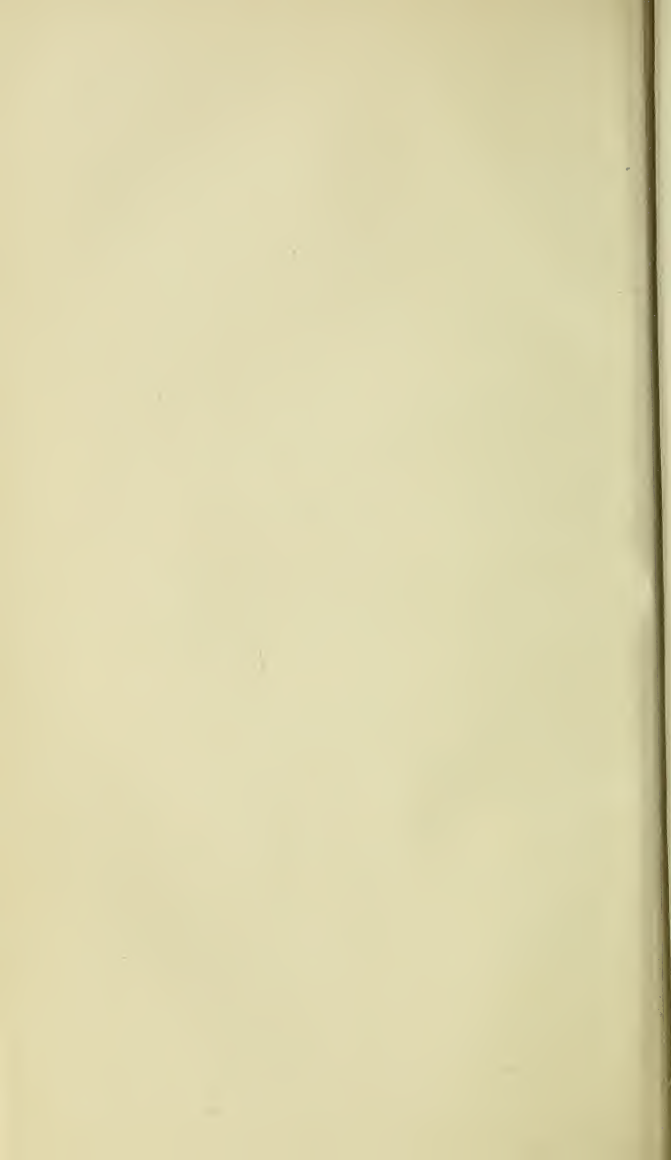
[*Exeunt.*]

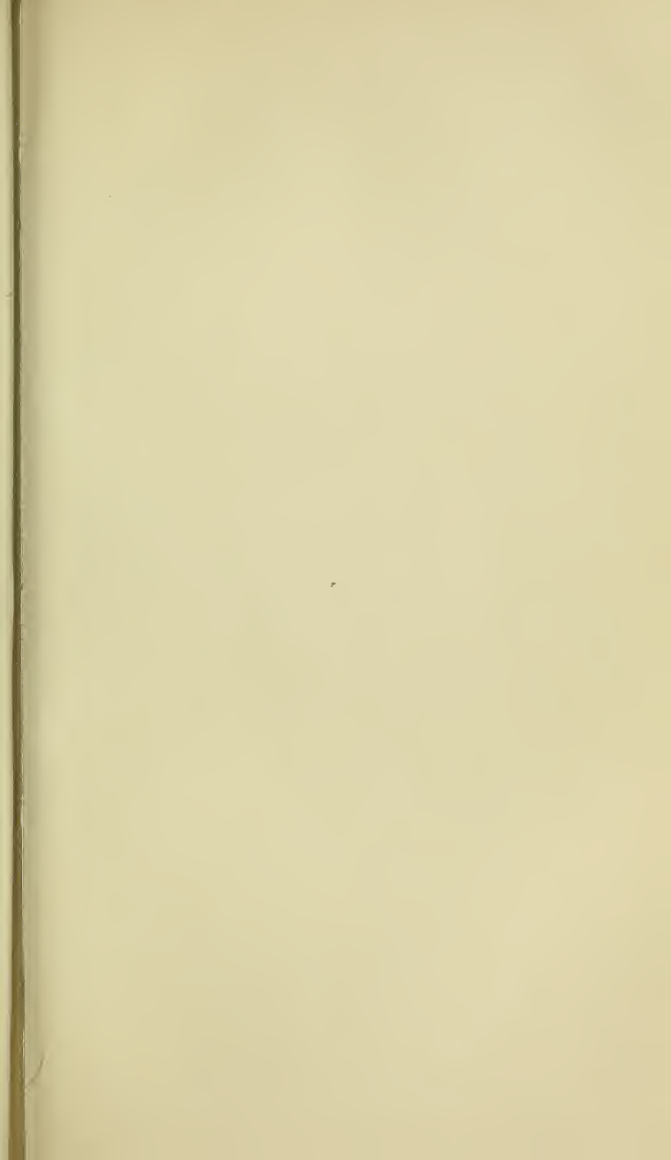
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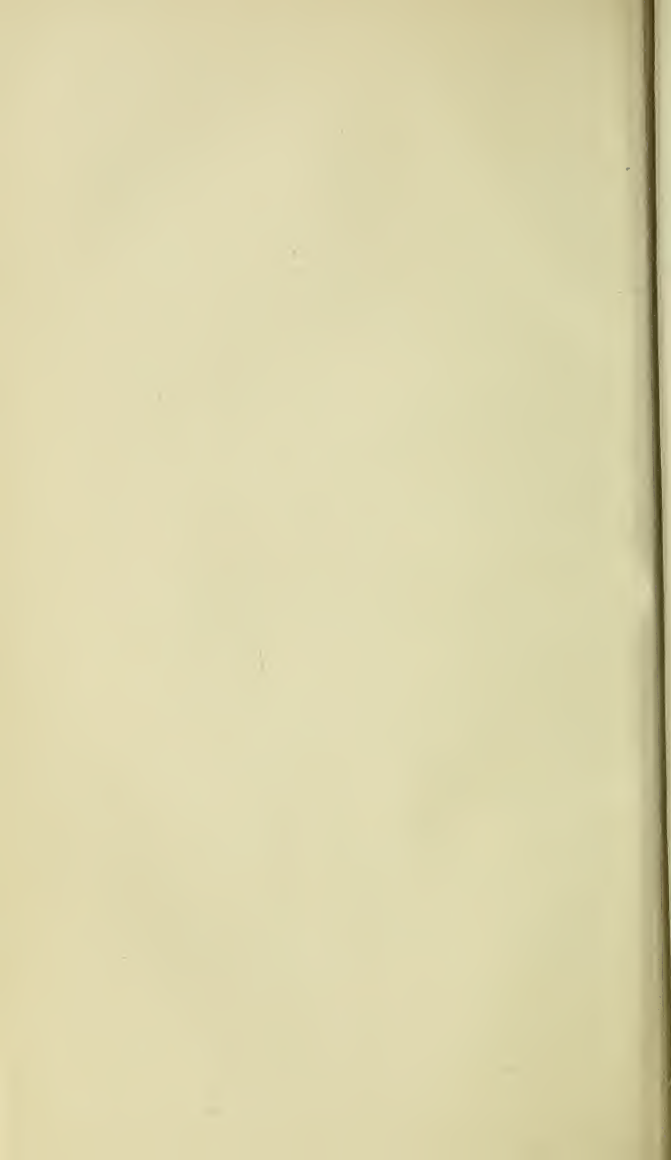
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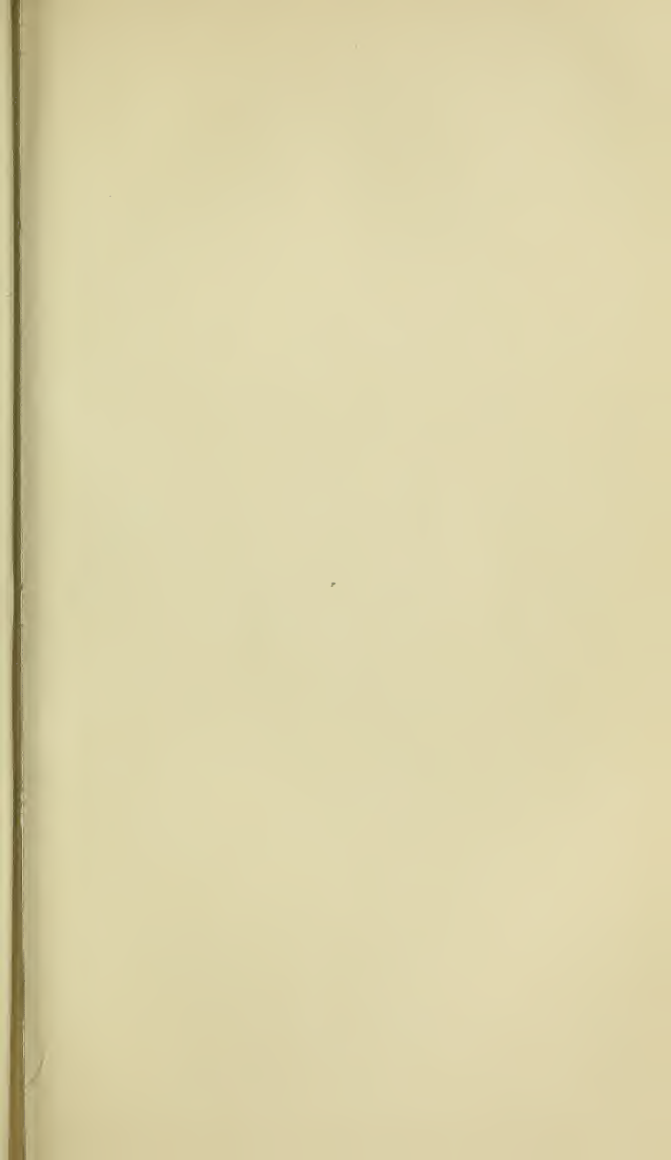


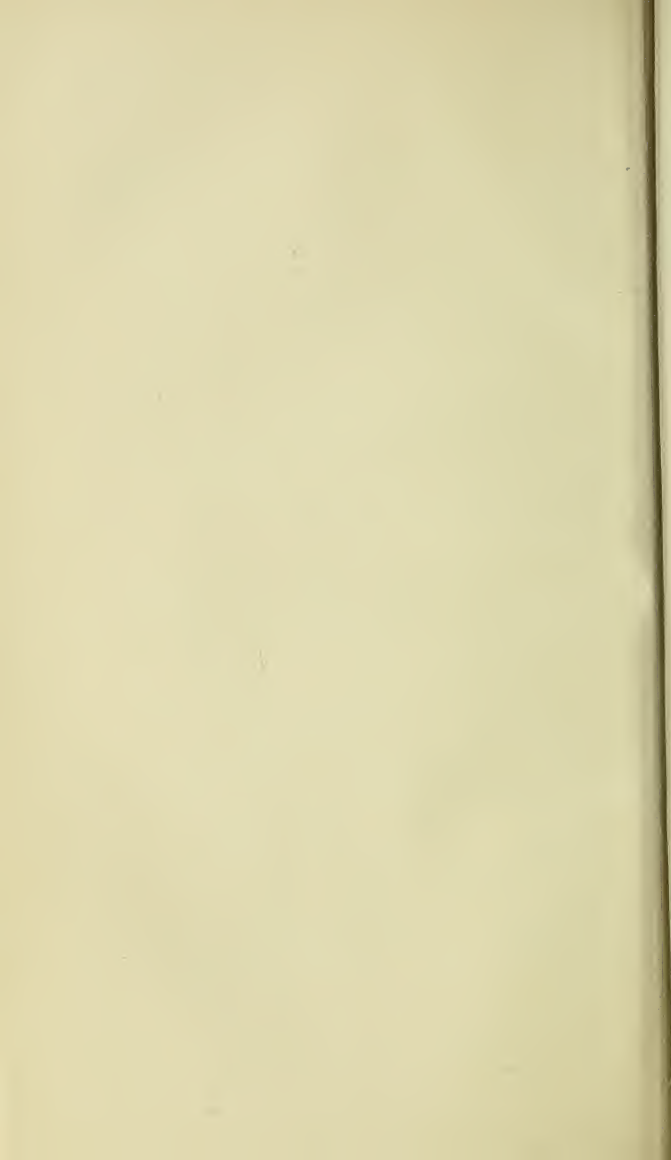


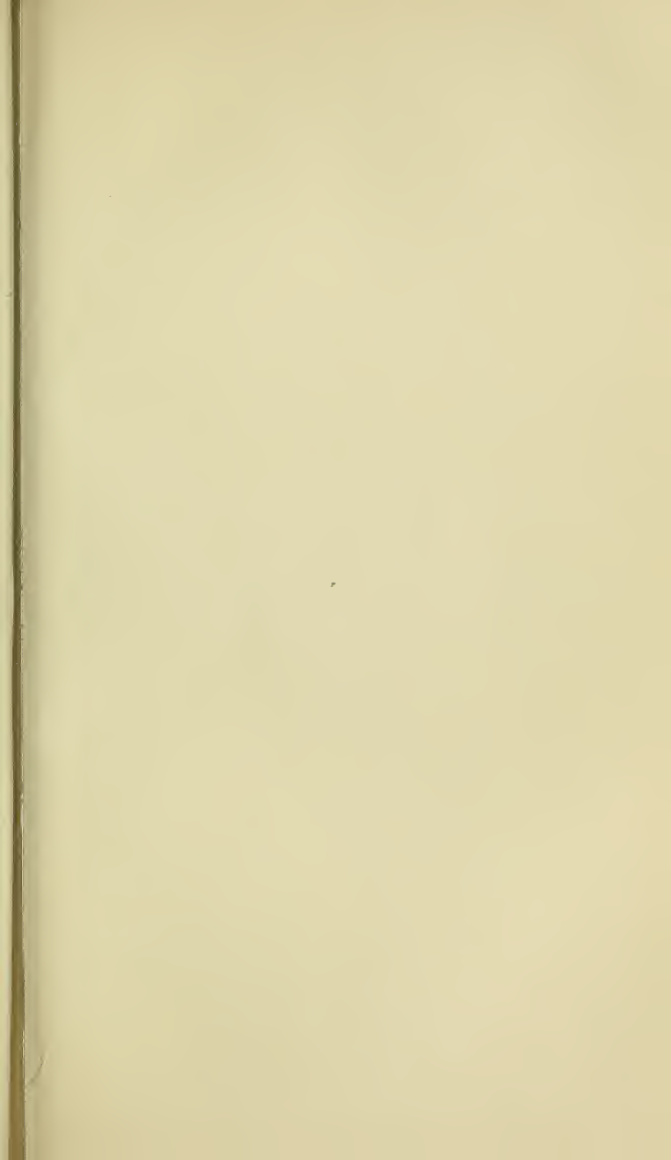


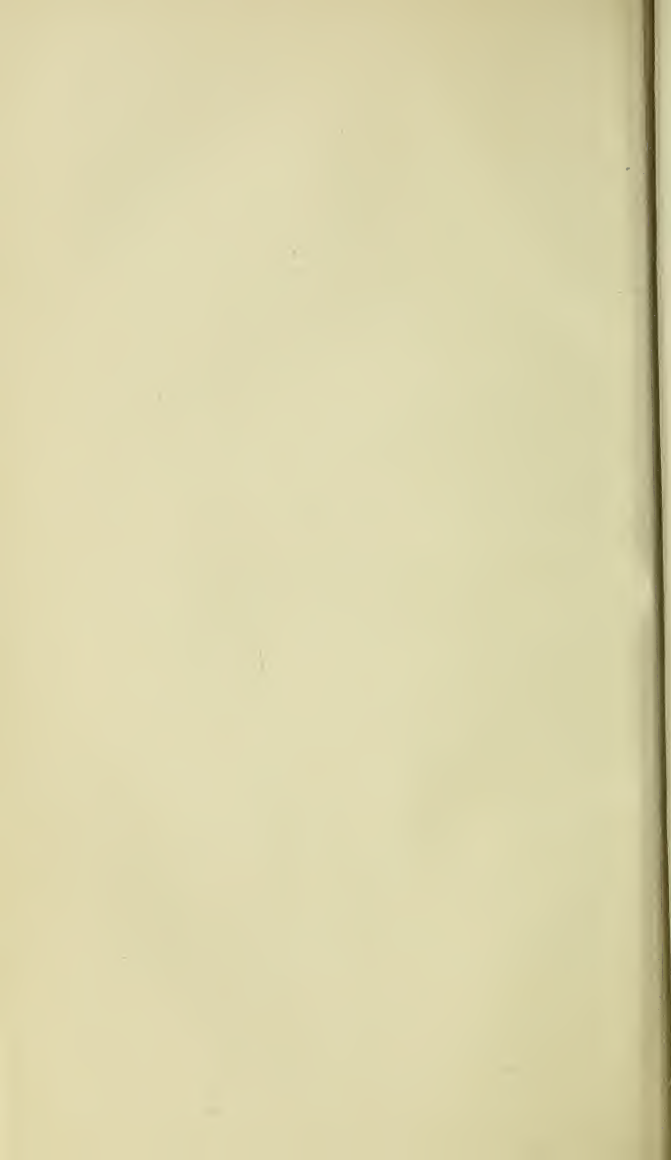


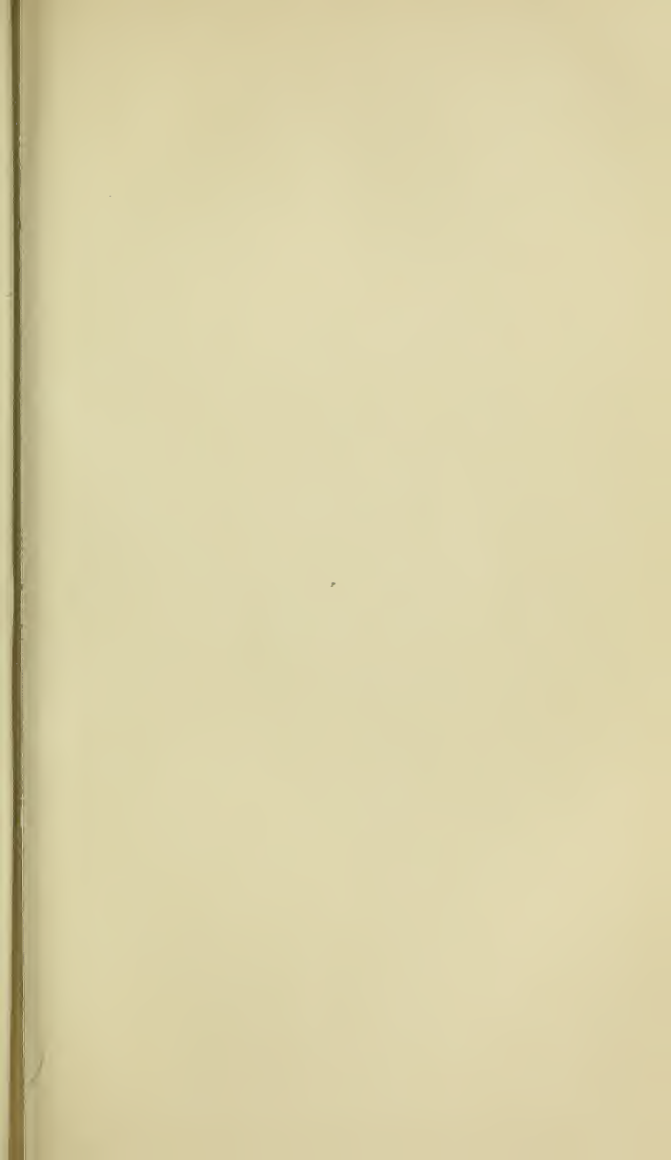


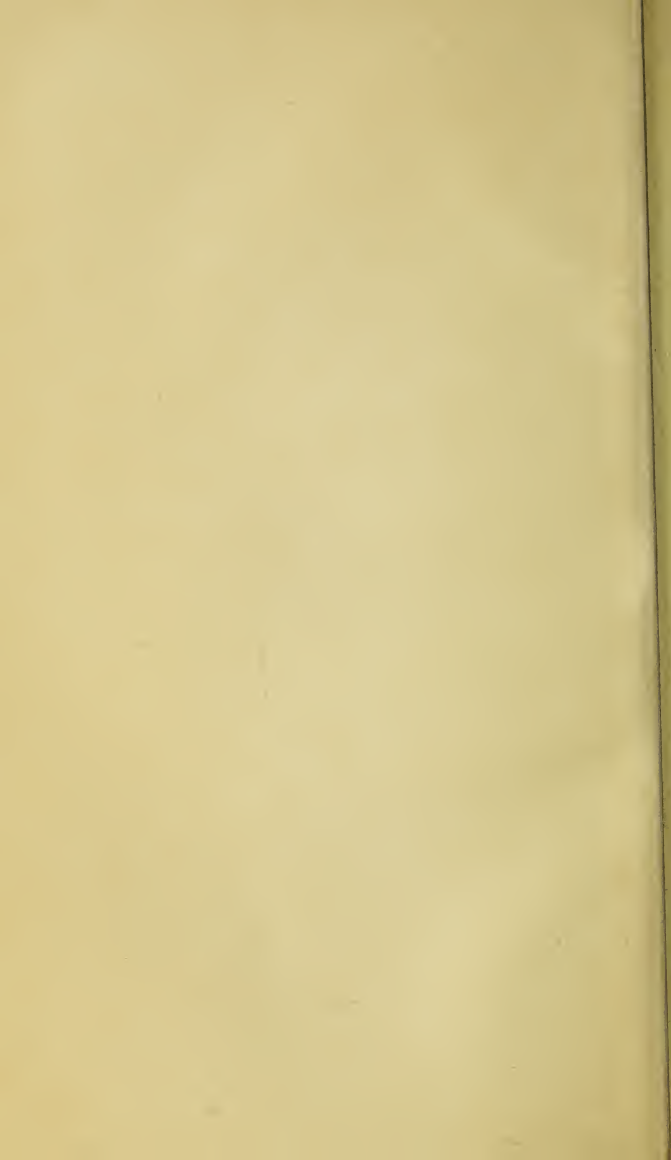


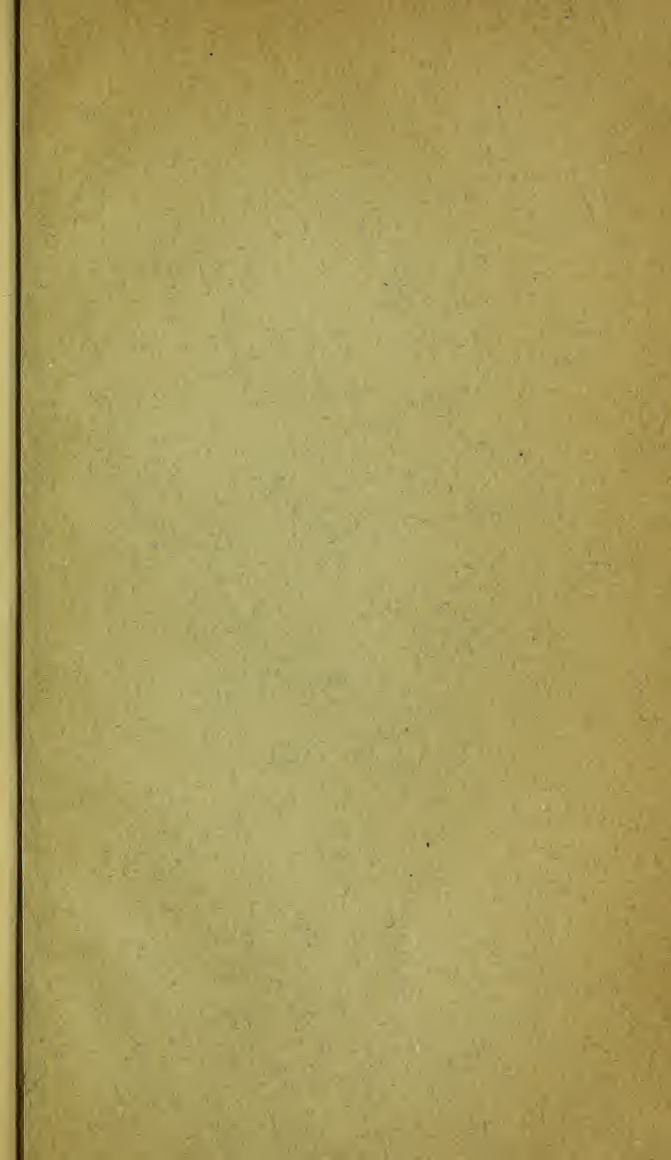














R. F. L. Lindberg
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